

The Evening World

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A Man with a Chance.



The appointment of Gen. Theodore A. Bingham to be Police Commissioner puts a military man in a civic position where there is urgent need of military qualities.

Discipline is badly wanted there, and a strong hand to enforce it.

Silence is wanted in a department which since Commissioner Roosevelt's days has been too noisy and too much in evidence with charges and counter-charges and complaints.

Obedience is wanted, implicit and unquestioning, not begrudged and half-rebellious, with an eye on political pull and reinstatement by the courts.

Co-operation and esprit de corps are wanted to check the dry-rot of disorganization. The defiance of officers must be ended and the impression corrected that every man is for himself. To that end the Patrolmen's Association must be abolished and corruption funds eradicated. The powers of inspectors must be more clearly defined.

The opportunity for distinction which presents itself to a competent military man in Mulberry street is well-nigh an unexampled one.

No advancement the army offers him in time of peace can compare with it. To bring the Police Department of New York to its highest state of efficiency and to make public safety and order something more than a meaningless phrase is a task of magnitude. But to accomplish it successfully will be to become the most important man in the city.

The material is there. Under the Police Commissioner is as brave, capable and individually efficient a body of uniformed men as can anywhere be found. The one thing lacking to their best serviceability is a man at the top with the ability to direct and control them. Has he been found?

The Same To-Day and Yesterday.

"Man," says the Rev. Dr. Hirsch, of Chicago, "is much the same as he was a thousand years ago. The same elemental passions, ambitions and appetites obtain."

The utterance sounds pessimistic by contrast with the cheerful optimism of Speaker Cannon, who thinks the sons and grandsons have improved on the fathers and are better physically, mentally and morally.

If the advantage of the argument is not on Dr. Hirsch's side, at least there are interesting modern parallels to corroborate his views. Have no Naboth's vineyards been appropriated by unlawful means by the powerful during the past year? Have no Esau been swindled out of their birthrights for messes of pottage? Is the story of Potiphar's wife unknown in Pittsburgh?

Specialties and Marriage Chances.

The engagement is announced of Miss Harriet A. Boyd, professor of archaeology at Smith College, to Prof. Charles E. Hawes, a recognized authority on archaeology at the University of Cambridge. Cupid fired his darts at them from amid the ruins of Crete, where they were looking for prehistoric cities. There is announced also the engagement of a prominent Stock Exchange yachtsman to the Flatbush belle who twice sailed her yacht to victory last summer.

This is the age of specialties, and the advantage to a marriageable maiden of possessing one is obvious. Whatever its nature—golf, fencing, charity work, private theatricals—it greatly enhances her prospects. It enables her to reach hearts indifferent to the charms of mere beauty and steered against promiscuous assault. This was the case of Lily Bart in the House of Mirth. A half hour spent in acquiring information about first editions and tail copies almost resulted in her capture of the young millionaire collector of Americana.

"Well!"

By J. Campbell Cory.



Letters from the People

No Crowded Traction.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

There is much tearing up of streets

and ploughing under the rivers. But

slower horse-cars, and the jammed

bridge trains. When the subway was

opened we were promised an allevia-

tion of traffic-crowd; but subway and

'L' are both crowded. When we get

our model tunnels and our excellent

new subways I think the jam and the

delays will be just as great. It would

not pay financiers to run tunnels and

subways that were only comfortably

filled. And they are not in the traction

business for their health—for ours.

C. L. D.

Censure, but no Punishment.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Having read your editorial on Sub-

way accidents, and having been a

victim in the Subway accident last

March, I wish to ask: Why hasn't Mr.

Jerome, our eminent District-Attorney,

made the guilty parties suffer the pen-

alty? The Coroner's Jury censured the

railroad company, but that was appar-

ently the end of it. Is this justice to

the sufferer? It seems as if the rail-

roads can do as they see fit, furnish

the people with crowded cars and con-

ductors that hardly give a person time

to get on ere they ring the bell for the

motorman to start.

If the authorities will look into this

matter, it would be a godsend to the

public.

AJAX.

That Denver Job.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

P. Mc. writes that he has an offer of

a good job in Denver, but that his wife

does not want to go there. He had bet-

ter get both hands on that Denver po-

sition, and a leg hitch, too, to make sure

of it. He ought not to let his wife's

say so worry him. After she is out

there for a while she will find she has

plenty of friends—good friends and true

friends—and she will deny she ever said

she would be lonely. Denver is a good

town. Success to you, old chap.

F. A. DARRWOOD.

Clockwork for Railroad Trains?

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Will some student of physics answer

me the following queries: How can

one get regular motion out of irregu-

lar motion? I have an invention which

will turn a wheel irregularly, some-

times slow, sometimes fast and some-

times stopping for a second or two.

It can be done by clockwork, but this

I fear, would not be powerful enough

unless it is possible to make a clock

powerful enough to run a railroad

train or something just as heavy. Is it

possible, readers?

B. W. K.

Bad Municipal Government.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

One of the worst defects in our re-

public is the bad government of our

cities. If people would try as hard to

get honest Aldermen as they do to get

the candidate for the Presidency, we

would have a much better government

at every point. If city and county poli-

ticians are full of corruption and de-

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not be much better. All voters should

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vote is not a piece of personal property

like a horse or a cow. It is, in fact, a

trust for the public use. One is not

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Answers to Questions

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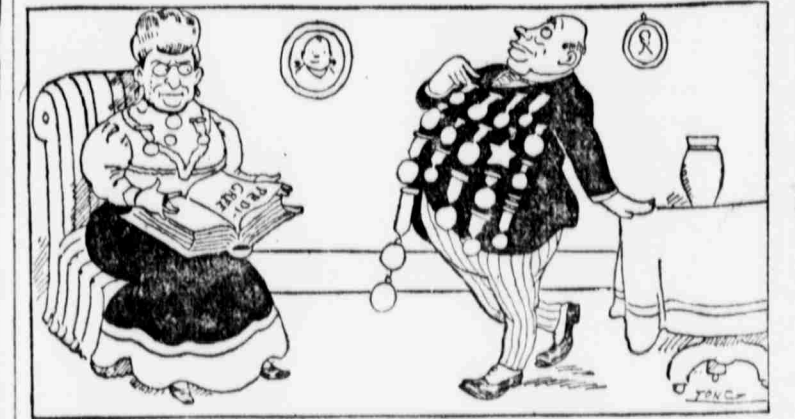
A. M. C.

NEW YORK THRO' FUNNY GLASSES.

By I. S. Cobb.

THIS is about the Professional Patriot—the open human tunnel whose uproarious and constant boast is that he is not the cringing, servile subject of an effete potentate of the Old World, but a free-born citizen of a Republic. He doesn't give his parents any of the credit for it. What he particularly likes about this country is that every man here is as good as every other man, if not better. Catch him bowing down to a little twisty-eyed dub just because he happens to belong to a discredited and impoverished nobility! When he thinks of the spiritless, monarchy-worshipping people of Europe doing the bowing-down act, he shows his teeth in such contempt that you might think he was trying to bite himself behind the ear.

But when some little 2x4 princeling, with an onion breath and just enough native intelligence to inhale a cigarette, comes to town and is put on exhibition at our town-hall in Madison avenue, what then of the Professional Patriot? You find him, with upwards of 275,000 others,



fighting like a bob-cat to get inside and take a look at His Royal Ciphers. He may be stripped down to his gaiters in the struggle, but if he succeeds in seeing Exhibit A he goes home perfectly satisfied.

And he swells up like a rubber tire when his wife traces her ancestry far enough back to enable her to join the Continental Dames or the Daughters of the Crime of Seventy-Three, or the Society of the Landed Gentry of Ellis Island, or some few others of the ten best sellers among those who would found an aristocracy on a foundation of annual dues and borrowed forefathers.

And when he hears his son bragging about the rich foreign strain in his blood, the Professional Patriot never feels called on to explain that the son got it by being vaccinated off of an imported Jersey calf. But all this time he has no earthly use for the plain everyday brand of American who is patriotic without feeling the necessity of advertising it.

THE FUNNY PART:

It's all funny.

An Oriental Oddity.

ACCORDING to a Tientsin newspaper, an author in Peking received from a native publication, together with his rejected manuscript, the following letter from the editor: "Illustrious Brother of the Sun and of the Moon: We have perused your manuscript with celestial delight. By the bones of our ancestors, we swear that we have never met a masterpiece like it. If we publish it His Majesty the Emperor will command us to take it as a criterion and to print nothing that does not equal it. Since that could never be possible in ten thousand years, we return manuscript, trembling and adding your mercy seven thousand times. Lo, our head is at your feet, and we are the slave of your slave."

Freaks of Lightning Bolts.

EARLY a small town in Minnesota lightning struck an electric auto whose batteries had run out. The stroke recharged the batteries, and the occupants of the machine ran it home.

A bolt struck the home of Keller Creenen, at Ringgold, Md., running around his straw hat to above his left ear, then down the side of his neck to his body, tearing the shirt collar, then down his right leg, tearing the shoe in half and splitting the great toe. His skin was scorched, but his hair was not even singed. The chateau of the castle of Bonamont, France, was sitting in a chair when struck by a bolt. She was herself uninjured, but on the back of her dress was found a perfect picture of the chair, to its minutest detail.

Thumbnail Sketches.

SUBJECT—John D. Rockefeller, Jr.
Favorite Sport—Juggling a ball.
Favorite Task—Spraying wings.
Favorite Book—"The Perfect One."
Favorite Author—Locke, on Savings.
Favorite Artist—Papa.
Favorite Fruit—The Baptist raisin.
Favorite Plant—The uprooted palm.
Favorite Vehicle—The Gospel car.
Favorite Musical Instrument—Thinking cymbals.
Favorite Character in History—C. at Ol Johnny.

CURLY

WONDERFULLY SPIRITED AND INTERESTING. A LIVING ROMANCE OF WILD NATIVES AND WIDE DISTANCES. A Tale of the Arizona Desert By Roger Pocock

(Copyright, 1905, by Little, Brown & Co.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Last chapter saw how Curly and

Jim, after a long and arduous

journey, had reached the

border of the Arizona desert.

Curly, who was a

man of many resources,

had decided to make

his headquarters at

a place called La

Morita, a small

village on the

border of the

desert. He had

heard that it was

a good place to

make a home for

himself and his

wife. He had

also heard that

it was a place

where he could

find many of the

best of the

desert life. He

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He let drive with both his guns, but I shot first!

back from Holey town on a bicycle.

"Say, Chalky," he yelled. "I want

you to saddle my mare, and get mount-

ed yourself! Pronto!"

When I came out with the horses I

found him fondling his shotgun, so I

buckled on my guns, and inquired for

the name of my enemy.

"You know Cocky Brown?" he asked,

as we rode down street.

"I know he makes a first-rate

stranger," says I.

"His dog-gone son is here in Boley

town, and lets out that old Cocky

getting rent for La Soledad."

"Who is the loose tenant—some poor

tourist?"

"It's that dog-gone McCalmont and

"You moth-eaten bookworms," says I, "your stories is prehistoric, and your lies is relics. Now you want to encourage them pore tourists, 'cause we needs them. Tourists graze out slotful on the trail, they're noisy to warn their prey, and they fit like bats as soon as a robber shoots. Send all the tourists you can to tell good advice to Marshal Hawkins quick. As to the real folks who kin rule and shoot, beguile 'em to feed, lead 'em up against the fire-water, scatter 'em, desert 'em. Marshal needs our help, you blighted sufferers. Do you want the Marshal to get Jim and pore Curly McCalmont, you idiots?"

So we scattered to help the Marshal, sending him earnest talks while his fighting men went off and lost themselves.

Did I act mean? I wonder sometimes whether I done right, for Jim, for Curly.

Dog-gone Hawkins was as mad as a wet hen, too hoarse for further comments when, after a couple of hours, he rode off alone to hunt robbers; so we had to follow to save the old man from being shot. I came up abreast as soon as I could, and in a voice all hushed into whispers he just invoked black saints and little red angels to comfort me on a grim.

I reckon it was a o'clock when our circus, all hot and dusty after a ten mile ride, charged down upon La Soledad. The place looked so blasted peaceful that the Marshal stared popt-eyed.

"Wall, I'll be dog-goned!" says he, and let us riders traffic around innocent, trampling out all the ground signs. When he saw Cocky's memorandum on the door of the shack he couldn't bear it any longer.

"Chalky," says he, "I'll be dog-goned if that ain't—Gawn with the buckboard for grub! If that ain't enough to scorch a yaller dawg!"

"And yet," says I, "you blamed us for hanging back!"

"Wall," he groaned, "the drinks is on me this time. Let's go home."

But I knew Jim's handwriting I knew that he and Curly were with the buckboard. I knew that the brains of McCalmont himself were behind a play like this.

I looked up the Grave City trail, the way to my ranch, the way that the buckboard had gone with my kids.

"You may go home, sir," says I, "but I'm off to my home before you leads me no more astray, corrupting my pure morals."

Dog-gone Hawkins froze me with his eyes. "If your soul," he says, "were to stray out on to your dog-goned cheek it would get lost."

A man was coming down from the north, lashed-spill on a roan with a bay monkey astray, carrying a shirt, a pair of trousers, a brace of guns to his belt. He rode with a cowboy's stride, and his face was black with rage as he galloped up facing our crowd—guns drawn for war.

"Boss," he shouted, "what's yo' sheriff's name?"

"Howed Hawkins as he rode up to confront the stranger.

"I'm United States Marshal Hawkins. What's your dog-goned business that needs drawn guns?"

"I'm Buck Henney, segundo to the Robber's Roost gang of outlaws, and my guns are to shoot if I see you that ain't none of 'em."

"State's evidence—take it or leave it!" "And who's your dog-goned evidence against?"

"Against Capt. McCalmont, Curly, his son, and six others, robbers, and that pore Jim du Chesney, of Holy Cross."

"Wall, throw down your dog-goned guns, throw up your dog-goned hands, and say 'S' when you dare to address an honest man. Now, you get off that horse!"